

Song Book of the Old Dominion Fighter Squadron

149 TFS, 192 TFG, VA ANG (Virginia Air National Guard)

Photocopied 8½" x 11" Songbook with cover

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Virginia Air National Guard (VAANG)

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10C WALLY FEY
1976

SONG BOOK OF THE OLD DOMINION FIGHTER SQUADRON



149 TFS

192 TFG

VAANG

LAST OF THE GENTLEMEN DAY FIGHTER PILOTS

THE 149TH FIGHTER PILOT'S SONGBOOK

INTRODUCTION

This is a word of warning ... a warning to those readers whose tender sensibilities may, or more accurately will, be offended by the language of these ballads. But it is no apology to them. For these are the songs that are sung by fighter pilots throughout the English speaking world. They reflect the manners of men at war, the morals of pilots who drink to forget for an evening the combat mission they must fly at dawn.

Many of these lyrics were adapted by pilots of the Korean conflict, after having been popular among the same warriors during WWII. At least one or two were sung around the camp fires of the eve of Gettysburg.

Therefore, these are not the songs of a particular degenerate generation. They are, however, an integral part of military life in the field.

You must accept or ignore them as we accept or ignore the conditions that inspired their authors to write them and us to sing them.

* * * * *

DIXIE

Oh, I wish I was in the Land of Cotton.
Old times there are not forgotten
Look away, look away, look away Dixie Land.

In Dixie Land where I was born,
Early on one frosty morn.
Look away, look away, look away Dixie Land.

On, I wish I was in Dixie, Away, Away
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand
To live and die in Dixie
Away, Away, Away down S O U T H IN DIXIE.

AIR FORCE SONG

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder
Climbing high, into the sun
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder
At 'em boys, give her the gun.
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,
Off with one hell of a roar,
We live in fame, or go down in flame,
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force.

CHORUS

Here's a toast to the host of those who boast
the vastness of the sky.
To a friend we send a message of
His brother men who fly,
We drink to those who gave their all of old
As down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold.
Here's a toast to the host of those who boast
The U. S. Air Force.

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder,
Set it high into the blue;
Hands of men blasted the world asunder;
How they lived God only knew!
(God only knew then!)
Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer
Gave us wings, ever to soar!
With fighters before and bombers galore.
Nothing 'll stop the U.S. Air Force.

Off we go into the wild sky yonder,
Keep the wings level and true;
If you'd live to be a grey-haired wonder
Keep your nose out of the blue!
(Out of the blue, boy!)
Flying men, guarding the nation's border,
We'll be there, followed by more!
In echelon we carry on,
Nothing'll stop the U.S. Air Force!

BLESS 'EM ALL

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The long and the short and the tall,
Bless old man Republic for building this jet
But I know a guy who's cursing him yet;
For he tried to go over the wall
With his tiptanks, his tailpipes and all,
The needles did cross and the wings did come off --
Cheer up, my lads, bless 'em all.

Well, bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The needle, the airspeed, the ball,
Bless all those instructors who taught me to fly,
Sent me to solo and left me to die;
If ever your blow jet should stall,
Well, you're due for one hell of a fall.
No lilies or violets for dead fighter pilots --
Cheer up, my lads, bless 'em all.

YOU'LL NEVER MIND

Come and join the Air Force
We're a happy band they say
We never do a lick of work
Just fly around all day
While others work and study
And soon grow old and blind
We take to the air without a care
And you will never mind.

CHORUS

You'll never mind, you'll never mind
So come and join the Air Force
And you will never mind.

Come and get promoted
As high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train
If you're an Air Force flier
And when you get to General, you will surely find
The engine coughs, your wings fall off
But you will never mind.

YOU'LL NEVER MIND (Continued)

One day you loop and spin her
and with an awful tear,
You find yourself without your wings,
But you will never care,
For in about two minutes more
Another pair you'll find,
You'll fly with Pete and his angels sweet,
And you will never mind.

You're flying across the ocean
When you hear your engine spit
You see your tach come to a stop
The goddamned engine's quit
The ship won't float, you cannot swim
The shore is miles behind
You'll be a dish for happy fish
But you will never mind.

While flying over Laos
In a Thunderchief
There's one thing to remember
And that's my firm belief
I've only got one engine, Jack
And if that bastard quits
It'll be up there all by itself
Cause I'm the kind that gits.

And if some wily MIG 21
Should shoot you down in flames
Don't sit around and bellyache
And call the bastard names
Just hit the silk, it's cream and milk
And pretty soon you'll find
There is no hell and all is well
And you will never mind.

Maybe you'll ride the gravy train
In administrative work
Let other guys light up the skies
Why should you be a jerk
You'll meet that higher officer
To whom you've been assigned
With your nose in place
And I don't mean on your face
And you will never mind.

WRECK OF THE OLD NINETY SEVEN

There were ninety seven airplanes,
Warming up on the apron
Far as the eye could see,
Now the first ninety six,
Were of recent construction
But the last was a 105D.

There was a second Lieutenant,
Wandered into operations,
And asked for a ship to fly,
They said, "Young man,
We are very short of airplanes
But we'll get you a something by and by."

Now the first forty six,
Are reserved for the majors,
The Captains have the next forty nine;
There's only one other ship
On the end of the apron
Said the shavetail, "Then that one is mine."

So he flew over Taejon
And the Taegu airstrip,
When the ceiling began to fall,
The clouds closed down
On the tops of the mountains,
He couldn't see the ground at all.

He flew through the rain,
He flew through the snowstorm
When the light began to fail
Then he spied a railroad
Going in his direction
And he said, "Better get there by rail."

He flew down the valley
And he dodged through the canyons,
Keeping that train in his sight,
Till the rails disappeared
In a hole in the mountains,
That was the end of his flight

It was old ninety-seven
With her nose in the mountain,
Her wheel's set akimbo on the track,
Yes, her throttle was bent
In the forward position,
But the engine was facing straight back.

Oh, ladies, ladies, take fair warning
From this time on:
Never speak harsh words to your high-flying pilot,
He may leave you and never return!

ITAZUKE TOWER

"Itasuke Tower, This is Air Force 801,
I'm turning on the downwind leg,
My prop has overrun;
My coolant's overheated, the gage says 1-2-1,
You'd better get the crash crew out
And get them on the run."

"Listen, Air Force 801, this is Itasuke Tower,
I cannot call the crash crew out,
This is their coffee hour;
You're not cleared in the pattern,
Now that is plain to see,
So take it once around again, you're not a VIP."

"Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm turning on my final,
I'm running on one lung,
I'm gonna land this Mustang
No matter what you say,
I'm gonna get my charts squared up
Before that Judgment Day."

"Now listen Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower,
We'd like to let you in right now,
But we haven't got the power,
We'll send a note through channels
And wait for the reply,
Until we get permission back,
Just chase around the sky."

"Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm up in Pilot's Heaven and
My flying days are done;
I'm sorry that I blew up,
I couldn't make the grade,
I guess I should have waited till
The landing was okayed."

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

A fighter pilot lay dying
The medic has left him for dead
All around him women were crying,
These are the words that he said:

Take the tailpipe out of my kidney
Take the burner out of my brain,
Take the generator out of my stomach
And assemble the unit again.

(CHORUS)

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozing,
We are the boys that they send out to die
Bosom buddies while boozin.

Down in the hangar they laugh and shout,
Talk about things they know nothing about
We are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozin,
Bosom buddies while boozin.

With rusty fifties and rockets
With pilots as old as they seem,
We'll fly these worn out Super Hogs, against the MIG 19
Forgotten by the land that bore us
Betrayed by the ones we hold dear,
The good have all gone before us
And only the dull are still here. (Back to Chorus)

We loop in the purple twilight
We spin in the silvery dawn
With black smoke trailing after
To show where our comrades have gone.

So stand to your glasses steady
This world is full of lies,
Here's a toast, to those dead already
And here's to the next man to die

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozing
We are the boys that they send out to die
Bosom buddies while boozin.

At TAC Headquarters they laugh and they shout
Talk about things they know fuck all about
But we are the boys that they send out to die
Bosom buddies while boozing
Bosom buddies while boozing

BESIDE A KOREAN WATERFALL
(Tune: Bell Bottom Trousers)

Beside a Korean waterfall,
One bright and sunny day
Beside his shattered Super Hog
A young pursuiter lay,
His parachute hung from a nearby tree,
He was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words,
The young pursuiter said:

I'm going to a better land,
A better land that's right
Where whisky flows from telegraph poles
There's poker every night
There isn't anything to do,
But sit around and sing
The crew chiefs will be women
Oh death, where is they sting?

Oh death, where is they sting, ting-a-ling
Oh death, where is thy sting, ting-a-ling
The bells in hell will ring ting-a-ling,
For YOU but not for me!

Oh, ring-a-ling a ling-ling
Blow it out your tailpipe
Oh, ring-a-ling a ling-ling
Blow it out your tailpipe
Oh, ring-a-ling a ling-ling
Blow it out your tailpipe
Better days are coming, by and by.

(Alternate Version)

Beside a Loatian jungle trail
One bright and sunny day
Beside his shattered Thunderchief
A young Thud' driver lay.
His parachute hung from a tree,
He was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words
This young Thud' driver said:

I'm going to(etc)

JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS
(Tune: Bless them All)

Don't give me a P-38, the props they counter rotate
They are scattered and smitten from Burma to Britain
Don't give me a P-38.

CHORUS:

Just give me operations
Way out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die
I just want to grow old.

Don't give me a P-39
The engine is mounted behind
They'll tumble and spin and auger
you in
Don't give me a P-39.

Don't give me a P-51
It was alright for fighting the hun
But with coolant tank dry, you'll
run out of sky
Don't give me a P-51.

Don't give me a peter four oh
It's a heli of an airplane I know
A ground looping bastard, you're
sure to get plastered
Don't give me a peter four oh.

Don't give me a P-61
For night flying is no fun
They say it's a lark, but I'm
scared of the dark
Don't give me a P-61.

Don't give me an F-84
She's just a ground loving whore
She'll whine, moan and wheeze and
she'll clobber the trees
Don't give me an F-84.

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt,
it gave many a pilot a jolt
it looks like a jug and it flies like
a jug
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt.

Don't give me a jet shooting star
It'll go, but not very far
It'll rumble and spout, but soon will
flame out
Don't give me a jet shooting star.

Don't give me an F-86
With wings like broken match sticks
They'll zoom and they'll hover, but
as for top cover
Don't give me an F-86.

Don't give me an F-89
Tho' TIME says they'll really climb
They're all in the States, all
boxed up in crates
Don't give me an F-89.

Don't give me an F-94
It's never established a score
It may fly in weather, but won't
hold together
Don't give me an F-94.

Don't give me an 86-D
With rockets, radar and A/B
She's fast, I don't care, she
blows up in mid air
Don't give me an 86-D.

Don't give me a one-double-0
The bastard is ready to blow
The A/B is there, but you're
saying a prayer
Don't give me a one-double-0

Don't give me an F-102
It never goes up when it's blue
An all-weather coffin, that
 flames out so often
Don't give me an F-102

Don't give me an F-104
With blown boundary layer control
One flap fails to blow and
 over she'll go
Don't give me an F-104.

Don't give me an F-105
You'll never return her alive
She's had so many knocks
 she has throw away chocks
Don't give me an F-105.

Don't give a bent wing F-4
With a crew of 20 or more
She'll stall and she'll pitch
 and spin flat as a bitch
Don't give me a bent wing F-4.

LOSING POWER
(Tune: I'm Looking Over A 4-Leaf Clover)

I'm losing power over Knoxville Tower
I can't go around again.
My TPT is dropping and the gear won't come down,
 My nose is pointed right into the ground;
And there's no need explaining the fuel remaining,
 It looks like this is the end,
Please send flowers to Knoxville Tower
 My altitude is minus ten!

SKINNY JONES

Hark, the herald angels sing
 Skinny Jones has lost his thing,
No temptation, No desire,
 Sings soprano in the choir.
Skinny's sex-appeal has faded
 Since they had him cas-ter-ated,
Skinny tells the time by watch,
 Since he was streamlined in the crotch.

NIGHT REFUELING
(Tune: Oh Suzanna)

Oh, we went night refueling
 The weather it was dry
Sun so bright it blinded me
 Operations don't you cry

CHORUS

Night refueling -
 Doesn't worry me.
We do it in the daytime
 When it's easier to see.

FIGHTER PILOTS LAMENT

Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh, the place is full of queers,
 Navigators, bombardiers
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray
Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray
 They are in the USO's,
 Wearing ribbons, fancy clothes
Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray.

Oh, the bomber pilots life is just a farce
Oh, the bomber pilots life is just a farce
 The automatic pilots on,
 He's reading novels in the john
Oh, the bomber pilots life is just a farce.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing
Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing
 The place is full of brass
 Sitting 'round on their fat arse
Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the States
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the States
 They are off on foreign shores
 Making mothers out of whores
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the States.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in Japan
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in Japan
 They are all across the bay
 Being shot at every day
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in Japan!

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice
 It'll wreck your reputation
 But increase the population
It's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice!

When a bomber jockey walks into our club
When a bomber jockey walks into our club
 He don't drink his share of suds
 Ali he does is flub his dub
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in Hell!

AIR FORCE LAMENT -
(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly.
But now these hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by,
The Air Force has gone to HELL!

CHORUS

Glory - - - Flying Regulations have them read at every station
Crucify the man who breaks them
The Air Force has gone to HELL!

My bones have felt their pounding thump a hundred thousand strong,
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong,
But now it's only memory, It only lives in song.
The Air Force has gone to HELL! (Chorus)

I have seen them in their T-Bolts when their eyes were dancing flame,
I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name,
But now they fly like sissies and hang their heads in shame,
Their spirit's shot to HELL! (Chorus)

They flew their rugged Thunderjets through a living hell of Flak,
And bloody dying Pilots gave their lives to bring them back,
But now they all play Ping Pong in the Operations shack
Their technique's gone to HELL! (Chorus)

You heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings of polished steel,
The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel,
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong,
The Air Force has gone to HELL! (Chorus)

We were cocky, bold and happy when we played the angel's game,
We split the blue with buzzing and we rolled our way to fame.
But now that's all VERBOTEN and we're all so gosh-darn tame,
Our spirit's shot to HELL! (Chorus)

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap,
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap,
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of that,
Or you will burn in HELL! (Chorus)

Mine eyes get dim with tears when I recall the days of old
When pilots took their choice of being old or "young and bold"
Alas, I have no choice and I will live to be quite old,
The Force is shot to HELL! (Chorus)

(AIR FORCE LAMENT CON'T)

But smile awhile my pilot, though your eyes may still be wet
Someday we'll meet in heaven where the rules have not been set,
And God will show us how to buzz and roll and really let
The Force is Shot to HELL! (Chorus)

My bones have felt their pounding thump and hundred thousand strong
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong.
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song,
The Force is Shot to HELL! (Chorus)

I have seen them in their Nickels when their eyes were dancing flame,
I've seen their screaming high speed dives that blasted Hanoi's name,
But now they just fly Sky Spots and hang their heads in shame,
The Force is Shot to HELL! (Chorus)

They flew their rugged thunderchiefs through a living hell of flak,
And bloody dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back,
But now they all play Ping Pong in the Operations Shack,
The Force is Shot to HELL! (Chorus)

Yes, the lordly Boeing Fortress and the Liberators, too
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue,
But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew
The Force is Shot to HELL! (Chorus)

You heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings of polished steel
The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel,
But now the L-5 charms you with a moanin', groanin', squeal,
The Force is Shot to HELL! (Chorus)

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang the fighting song,
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong,
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong
The Force is Shot to HELL! (Chorus)

YELLOW TAILS
(Tune: Strawberry Blonde)

Now the 141st Yankees they don't show me much,
While the Yellow Tails fly
Their technique is bad and their bombing is sad,
While the Yellow Tails fly.

Their guns are corroded, their pilots are loaded,
Their cockpits are covered with dust,
They fly for awhile, but they ain't got no style
While the Yellow Tails fly.

THE GODDAMNED RESERVES
(Tune: Bring Back My Bonnie To Me)

In peacetime the regulars are happy
Yes, in peacetime they're anxious to serve,
But just let them get into trouble
And they call out the goddamned reserves.

CHORUS

Call out, call out
Call out, the goddamned reserves, reserves
Call out, call out
Call out the goddamned reserves.

Oh here's to the regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan,
They call up the goddamned reservists
Whenever the crap hits the fan. (Chorus)

They call out the war-weary pilots
They ask for the drafted young men,
They send the reserves to Korea
But the regulars stay in Japan. (Chorus)

So here's to the regular Air Force
With their medals and badges galore.
If it weren't for the goddamned reservists
Their arse would be dragging the floor. (Chorus)

ALL AROUND IS DESOLATION

All around is desolation
All around is woe and gloom
Sister missed her mens
Mother has a fallen womb.

Sister Sue has been aborted
For the fourty second time
Brother Bill has been deported
For a sodomistic crime.

All around is desolation
No one ever ever smiles
And our only recreation
Is cracking rice for father's piles.

THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK -
(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Early in the morning when the engines start to roar
You can see the old goat standing
Beside his office door.
He'll be sweating out the take - off
As he's often done before.
The man behind the armor plated desk!

Four times he's led us up there
And he always led us back
For he circled o'er the IP
As we went in to attack.
He said, "I'm hard yet fair, boys, but allergic to ack ack."
The man behind the armor plated desk!

And when the target's sighted
Who inspires our attack?
Who says, "Hundreds may go in, lads,
But a few aren't coming back."
Who says, "We'll disregard the minimum
When you suppress the flak,"
The man behind the armor plated desk.

And when the mission's over
And debriefing they should be
You can search the whole field over
But not a pilot will you see.
For they'll all be at the "O" Club
With a mixed drink in their hand
Singing "The Man Behind The Armor Plated Desk!"

INTO THE AIR 69ERS

into the air 69ers, into the air upside down
into the air 69ers, set your sights and let's go down,
We'll all go down.

And when we see those bastard Commies
And when we make them shit a pound,
You can bet those 69ers, are all going down.

Into the air 69ers, on to your back "soisante-neuf
We'll blast those MIGs, 69ers,
And watch their ass go Poof, Poof, Poof
And when you see those "golf balls" flying,
And the flak begins to blast,
You can bet the 69ers
Will bite 'em in the ass!

IF YOU FLY

CHORUS: Did you go BOOM today?
Did you go BOOM today?
Two blew up yesterday
G. E. ain't here to stay

If you fly an Eight-nine
You must be deaf dumb and blind
for you life ain't worth a dime
What's your scheduled blow up time?
(Back to chorus)

If you fly a Ninety-four
You will never holler no more
For your lot we do not pine
It's better than an Eight - nine.
(Back to chorus)

If you fly an Eight-six
You will really get your kicks
Bouncing those sub-sonic boys
Playing with their radar toys
(Back to chorus)

If you fly a 101
Tell yourself it's really fun
One day it will pitch up with you
And you will wish you never flew
(Back to chorus)

If you fly a 102
Don't go up unless it's blue
For if you feel one drop of rain
You'll be in pieces not a plane
(back to chorus)

If you fly a 104
The whole world flocks to your door
Range is short, the bearings don't last
But golly it sure does fly fast
(Back to chorus)

If you fly a Thunderchief
You will soon shake like a leaf
Flying it may make you sick
It handles like a great big brick
(Back to chorus)

If you fly a Phantom Two
You're flying days will soon be through
It flies at twice the speed of sound
If you can get it off the ground
(Back to chorus)

ADELINE SCHMIDT

There once was a maiden named
Adeline Schmidt
She went to the doctor cause she
couldn't shit
He gave her some medicine all
wrapped up in glass
Up went the window and out went
her ass

CHORUS:
It was brown, brown, shit
falling down
Brown, brown shit all around
It was brown, brown shit
falling down
The whole world was covered with
SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT

A handsome young copper was
walking his beat
He happened to be on that side
of the street
He looked up so bashful, he
looked up so shy
And a great glob of shit hit him
right in the eye

The handsome young copper, he
cursed and he swore
He called the young maiden a
dirty old whore
'Neath London bridge he is now
forced to sit
With a sign round his neck saying
"blinded by shit"

SAMMY SMALL

My name is Sammy Small, F em all
My name is Sammy Small, F em all
Oh my name is Sammy Small
And I've only got one ball
But its better than none at all, F em all.

Oh they say I killed a man, F em all
Oh they say I killed a man, F em all
Oh I hit him in the head
With a F piece of lead,
Now the silly F is dead, F em all.

Oh they say that I will swing, F em all
Oh they say that I will swing, F em all
Oh they say that I will swing
From a F piece of string
What a silly F thing, F em all.

Oh the Sheriff will be there too, F em all
Oh the Sheriff will be there too, F em all
Oh the Sheriff will be there too
With his silly F crew,
They've got F all else to do, F em all.

Oh the Parson he will come, F em all
Oh the Parson he will come, F em all
Oh the Parson he will come
With his tales of kingdom come
He can shove them up his bung, F em all.

They say I greased the rope, F em all
They say I greased the rope, F em all
Oh they say I greased the rope
With a F piece of soap,
What a silly F joke, F em all.

I see Molly in the crowd, F em all
I see Molly in the crowd, F em all
I see Molly in the crowd, and I feel so F proud
That I want to shout out loud, F EM ALL.

SAMMY SMALL (S E A STYLE)

Oh come 'round us fighter pilots
Fuck 'em all
Oh come 'round us fighter pilots
Fuck 'em all
Oh we fly the God damn plane
Through the flak and through the rain
And tomorrow we'll do it again
So fuck 'em all.

SAMMY SMALL (S E A STYLE) CON'T.

Oh they tell us not to think
Fuck 'em all
Oh they tell us not to think
Fuck 'em all
Oh they tell us not to think
Just to dive and just to jink
L.B.J.'s a God damn fink
So fuck 'em all.

Oh we bombed MuGia Pass
Fuck 'em all
Oh we bombed MuGia Pass
Fuck 'em all
Oh we bombed MuGia Pass
Though we only made one pass
They really stuck it up our ass
So fuck 'em all.

Oh we're on a J.C.S.
Fuck 'em all
Oh we're on a J.C.S.
Fuck 'em all
Oh they sent the whole damn wing
Probably half of us will sing
What a silly fucking thing
So fuck 'em all.

Oh we lost our fucking way
Fuck 'em all
Oh we lost our fucking way
Fuck 'em all
Oh we strafed God damn Hanoi
Killed every fuckin' girl and boy
What a God damn fucking joy
So fuck 'em all.

Oh my bird got all shot up
Fuck 'em all
Oh my bird got all shot up
Fuck 'em all
Oh my bird it did get shot
And I'll probably cry a lot
But I think that its shit hot,
So fuck 'em all.

While I'm swinging in my chute
Fuck 'em all
While I'm swinging in my chute
Fuck 'em all
While I'm swinging in my chute
Comes this silly fucking toot
And hangs a medal on my root
So fuck 'em all.

BONNIE BLUE FLAG

We are a band of brothers
And native to the soil,
Fighting for our liberty,
With treasure blood and toil.
And when our rights are threatened
The cry rose near and far,
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star.

(CHORUS)

Hurrah! Hurrah! For Southern rights, Hurrah!
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag,
That bears a single star.

Here's to brave Virginia
The Old Dominion State,
With the young Confederacy
At length has linked her fate.
Impelled by her example
The other States prepar'
To hoist on high, the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star.

THROW A NICKLE ON THE GRASS

It was midnight in Korea, all the pilots were in bed
When up stepped Colonel _____, And this is what he said:
"Sabres, gentle Sabres, - Pilots one and all
Sabres, Gentle Pilots - and the Pilots shouted Balls.
Then up stepped a young Lieutenant with a voice as harsh as brass
You can take those God Damn Saber Jets and shove 'em up your ass.

CHORUS

Oh, Hallelujah, Oh hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
Save a fighter pilot's life
Oh, hallelujah, oh hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass and you'll be saved.

Cruising down the Yalu doing three-twenty per
I called to my Flight Leader, "Oh won't you save me Sir?"
Got two big holes in my wing, my tanks ain't got no gas
Mayday-Mayday-Mayday, Spin instructions please!

I flew my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right.
My air speed read 130, My God, I racked it tight
I turned onto the final, my engine gave a wheeze
Mayday-Mayday-Mayday, Don't wanna bust my ass.

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing hit the ground
Came a call from tower: "Pull up and go around."
Racked that Sabre in the air a dozen feet or more
I'm on my back, it's worse than flak, why did I use full bore?

Split S'd onto my bomb run, I got too God Damn low
I pressed the F _____ button, let both my babies go
I sucked the stick back in my gut - I hit a high-speed stall
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall!

They sent me up to Pyongyang, the brief said "Skoshe ack ack"
But by the time I got there my wings were holed with flak
My aircraft went into a spin, it would no longer fly
Mayday-Mayday-Mayday, I'm too young to die!

I bailed out from that Sabre, my landing was top line
With my E and E equipment I made for our front line
But when I opened up my ration tin to see what was in it
The God Damn Quartermaster had filled the thing with S _____.

Now in this Commie prison camp I am obliged to sit
For one cannot go very far on a ration tin of S _____.
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly
But I'll have Quartermaster Bollex for breakfast till I die.

I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings till I got the G.D. things
Now I don't want them anymore.
They taught me how to fly,
And they sent me here to die,
I've had a bellyful of war
You can save those zeros for the G.D. heroes,
Cause Distinguished Flying Crosses
Do not compensate for losses, -- Buster

CHORUS

I wanted wings till I got the G.D. things
Now I don't want them anymore.

I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames,
Air combat spelled romance, But it made me wet my pants,
I'm not a fighter I have learned.
You can save those Messerschmidts
For the other sons of bitches.
Cause I'd rather screw a woman than be shot down in a Grumman.
Buster, I wanted wings, etc.

I'm too young to die in a damned old PBY
That's for the eager not for me
I don't trust my luck to be picked up in a duck
After I've crashed into the sea
Oh I'd rather be a bellhop than a flyer on a flat top
With my hand around a bottle, not around a G.D. throttle
Buster, I wanted wings, etc.

I don't want to tour over Berlin or the Ruhr
Flak always makes me park my lunch
I get no hey-hey when they holler "Bombs Away"
I'd rather be home with the bunch
Now there's one thing you can't laugh off, that is
When they shoot your ass off.
Oh, I'd rather come home buster, with my balls than with a cluster,
Buster, I wanted wings, etc.

I don't fly for fun in P dash five crash one
Blazing a path for Patton's tanks
My wife don't want insurance and I'm not out for endurance,
I'd rather go to Paris and spend Francs.
In England it was blitz and in France it is Messerschmidts,
Oh, I feel like such a sucker when my ass starts to pucker - sucker,
I wanted wings, etc.

ODES TO THE SUPER HOG
THE F-84F: USAF GIVETH AND USAF TAKETH AWAY

SUPER HOG RECALL
(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Oh, they finally stopped conceding
To Nikita and his boys
They substituted Super Hogs
For diplomatic poise;
Yes, they called upon the Air Guard
WITH THEIR OBSOLESCENT TOYS -
Send the raggedy-ass militia to the fray.

Oh, we'll fly the North Atlantic
Just as Lindbergh did before,
Provided we get airborne
In this ground-lovin whore,
The water's cold, the cockpit hot,
And our ass so God Damn sore --
Send the raggedy-ass militia to the fray.

Oh, we'll pack a bag, kick the tire,
Give the map a glance
Just a navigation flight
To an unknown part of France.
When the Paris dollies get the word,
Down will come their pants--
Send the raggedy-ass militia to the fray.

Oh, the MIG has got the altitude,
Turning rate and mach,
But nothing can compare with
The Super Hog's fancy clock,
And when you point her nose down,
She falls just like a rock--
Send the raggedy-ass militia to the fray.

Oh, the armament on an 84
Is a boon to the infantry troop,
The cameras in the RF
Make it the super snoop
But what use is a fighter
That flames out in the soup--
Send the raggedy-ass militia to the fray.

SUPER HOG REFRAIN
(Tune: MANANA)

My altitude is falling
And my pucker string is tight,
The engine fuel pump's busted
Oh, I'll not be home tonight.

CHORUS

Republic, republic, the Super Hog's
The airplane for me;
Republic, republic, Long Island's
Pig iron foundary.

The Super Hog is great for those
Who've grown too old to fly,
It's the oldest fighter
That leaps off into the sky.

She loves to eat up runway
Ten thousand feet you'll need.
Just pull the gear up early;
To get up flying speed.

(CHORUS)

Draw round and hear this story
Of a fighter pilot's plight;
He jumped into a Super Hog,
Checked out on his first flight

He flew the traffic pattern
At low airspeed and fell
He's filling out his flight log now
With all his friends in Hell.

(CHORUS)

So all you fighter pilots,
Who are blessed with this ole whore,
Just never mind and you will find
Experience in store.

She moans and groans and climbs real slow,
And truly loves the ground;
But if you want to make her fly
Just point her nose straight down.

(CHORUS)

THE REPUBLIC BATTLE HYMN

We fly our F Super Hogs at 20,000 F feet
We fly our F Super Hogs, thru the rain and snow and sleet,
And tho we think we're flying South
We're flying F north,
And we make our F landfall on the Firth of F Forth.

(Chorus)

Glory, Glory, Halleluiah! Glory, Glory, Halleluiah!
Glory, Glory, Halleluiah!

(Insert last line of each verse)

We fly F Super Hogs at F all 1000 feet
We fly those F Super Hogs, thru the trees and corn and wheat,
And tho we think we fly with skill
We fly with F luck,
But we don't give a F damn or care a F F!

We fly those F Super Hogs at 20,000 F feet,
We fly those F Super Hogs thru the rain and snow and sleet,
And tho we think we're flying up
We're flying F down,
And we bust our F asses when we hit the F ground.

THE GREECY HOG

(Tune: "Betsy from Pike")

O don't you remember the F-84
That crossed the Atlantic with a big mighty roar
But we struck right with her through the Wheezes and smoke
We couldn't punch out cause we can't swim a stroke.

Chorus

With a cough, wheeze, whistle and snore
Sounds like an F-84
Its a cough, wheeze, whistle and snore
Our flying collection of garbage and junk

We stopped in Madrid just to rest for awhile
The gay senoritas all begged for a smile
But their poor hearts were broken, I'm sorry to tell
We stuck with those superhogs
My God, War is Hell!

Then on to Old Greece where the girls are so sweet
We frightened the Russians by sixes and twelves
But it seemed most of all we just frightened ourselves.

"HAIL TO THE AIR GUARD OF VIRGINIA"
(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Here's to Charlie Wintzer he's our hero of the year
Never curses, won't chase women, hardly ever touches beer.
Gets his kicks from landing airplanes without lowering the gear
He's the oldest Damn Lieutenant in the Guard.

Chorus

Hail the Air Guard of Virginia
They will really stick it in ya
They'll violate your drawers like a happy Santa Claus
And you'll keep coming back for more.
(Insert after each verse)

Mobile Bill's a sight to see while peering through the glass
Picking his nose with the flaregun with his finger up his ass!
He's a lover of reknown who has never yet gone down
Ops! Charlie's on the ground Boom! - Scrape!

Here's the gory story of ole Masah Washington
Jerking off on final when his engine ceased to run
Tho he didn't dig no ditches, he sure filled up his britches
And he won't forget the switches any more.

Its half past eight and Ryan's late for briefing again we fear
But with blood-shot eyes and un-used dick he'll suddenly appear
It's a 60 second stroll from the couch to takeoff roll
Keeps his head up his ass hole for inspiration.

Listen and I'll tell you of our legend lover Mal
In Cap Cod or Savannah he could always find a pal
Tho we near ran out of gas, keeping Mallory in ass
Occasionally he would pass (as a pilot).

Oh great stock collector, mighty warrior of the South
Sixty-seven pounds of horse shit, eighty-seven pounds of mouth
He's our genius in the bud, sticks his airline in the mud
He's that schekie congious dud William Burbage.

ODES TO THE F-105

THUD SONGS

REPUBLIC'S ULTRA HOG (Tune: Wabash Cannonball)

Listen to the jingle the gruntin' and
the wheeze,
As she rolls along the runway by
BAC-9 and the trees,
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as
you leap off in the fog,
You're flying through the jungle in
Republic's Ultra Hog.

We came up from old Korat one steamy
summer day,
As we pitched up on the target you
could hear all the gunners say,
"She's big and fat and ugly, she's really
quite a dog,
She's known around the country as
Republic's Ultra Hog."

Here's to MacNamara, his name will
always smell,
He'll always be remembered down in
Fighter Pilots Hell,
He frags all the targets and sends us
out to die
He sends us into combat in
Republic's 105.

Listen to the jingle the gruntin' and
the wheeze,
As she rolls along the runway by the
BAC-9 and the trees,
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as
you leap off in the fog,
You're flying through the jungle in
Republic's Ultra Hog!!

THE RED RIVER VALLEY

To the valley he said he was flying
And he never saw the pay that he earned,
Many jocks have flown into the valley
And a number have never returned.

So I listened as he briefed on the mission.
Tonight at the bar TEAK flight will sing,
But we're goin' to the Red River Valley
And today you're flying my wing.

Oh the flak is so thick in the valley,
That the MIGs and the missiles we don't need
So fly high and down sun in the valley
And guard well the ass of TEAK lead.

Now if things turn to shit in the valley
And the briefing that I gave you don't heed,
They'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton
And it's fish heads and rice for TEAK lead.

We refueled on the way to the valley.
In the States it had always been fun,
But with thunder and lightning all around us,
'Twas the last A.A.R. for TEAK one.

Oh, he flew through the flak toward the target
With his bombs and his rockets drew a bead,
But he never pulled out of his bomb run,
'Twas fatal for another TEAK lead.

So come and sit by my side at the briefings,
We will sit there and tickle the heads,
For we're going to the Red River Valley
And my call sign today is TEAK lead!

OUR LEADERS
(Tune: Manana)

At Phillips Range in Kansas
The jocks all had the knack
But now that we're in bombat
We got Colonels on our back
And every time we say "Shit Hot"
or whistle in the bar
We have to answer to somebody
Looking for a star.

(CHORUS)

Our leaders, Our leaders,
Our leaders is what they always say,
But it's bullshit, it's bullshit,
It's bullshit they feed us every day.

Today we had a hot one
And the jocks were scared as Hell.
They ran to meet us with a beer
and tell us we were swell,
But Fecce took the B.D.A.,
And said we missed a hair.
Now we'll catch all kinds of hell
From the Wheels at Second Air.

(CHORUS)

They send us out in bunches
To bomb a bridge and die
These tactics are for bombers
That our leaders used to fly.
The bastards don't trust our Colonel up
in Wing, and so I guess,
We have to leave the thinking to
The Wheels in J.C.S.!

(CHORUS)

The J.C.S. are generals
And they're not always right
Sometimes they have to think
it over
Well into the night.
When they have a question
Or something they can't hack,
They have to leave the judgement
To that money saving Mac!

(CHORUS)

Now Mac's job is in danger
For he's on salary too
To be the final say so
If something he can't do
Before we fly the mission
And everything O K
He has to get permission from
Flight Leader L.B.J.

(CHORUS)

ON TOP OF THE POP UP
(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of the pop up
And flat on my back
I lost my poor wingman
In a big hail of flak.

Guard channel was silent
The sites were all dead,
Until we rolled in
And looked up ahead.

The sky filled with fireballs,
The missiles flashed by
Sweet Mother of Jesus,
We're all going to die.

Number two called "I'm hit
I'm going to bust
Not one Goddamned Elint
A poor jock can trust.

So come ye young pilots
And listen to Dad,
Forget about jinking
And your ass has been had.

They'll hit you and burn you,
Their flak reaches far,
It's a long walk to Takhli,
And a beer at the bar.

WILD WEASEL
(Tune: Sweet Betsy from Pike)

Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, they call me by name.
I fly up on Thud Ridge, and play the big game.
I fly o'er the valleys and hide behind hills;
I dodge all the missiles, then go in for kills.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.
Come weak guns, some weak guns; they're all off at one.
But don't worry fellows, for threats, there are none.
There's a big one just looking at two o'clock now.
There's flak all around us, they're shooting, and how!
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.
Keep moving, they're shooting, the target's at eight.
Go burner, now roll in, don't pull it off straight.

A missile, a missile! Let's take it on down.
Oh, God, where's that bastard? My flight suit's turned brown.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.
Now pull it up, pull up, and head for the sky.
The missile's at two, boys; now watch it sail by.
There's smoke from the SAM site out there in the grass.
Set'em up hot, boys, and we'll nail his ass.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.
Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, they've called me by name.
I flew o'er the fence, and I've won the big game.
One hundred, one hundred. I'm heading for home.
And over those damn hills, I'll never more roam.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.

THE THANH HOA BRIDGE
(Tune: The Strawberry Roan)

I was hanging around Ops in this sweaty
clime,
Just cussin' the schedule and my lack
of time,
When up walks this Colonel and says,
"I suppose
You're a trained killer by the looks
of your clothes."
Well I looked him up once and I looked
him down twice.
I could tell by his sneer he weren't
thinkin' nice,
So I said in a voice that shook with
the fear.
I'm your man if you buy the beer."

The Colonel then said, "I've a place
in mind
Where you can go, if you're not blind,
They've flak and MIGs and SAMs and such,
I need a man that's good in the clutch."
I get all het up and ask what I'd get,
'Twas a kick in the ass if I didn't hit.
I told him I'd go cause they haven't found
A target in Hell that I couldn't pound.

We jump in his car and go to the line.
He stops by a "Nickle" that's tied up
in twine.
"This is your bird, now get on your way."
I could tell at a glance I'd sure earn
my pay.
I crank the beast up and I taxi on out,
As I leave the chocks I hear the chief
shout,
"The oil pressure's low, the water
don't work,
And the stab aug's got one hell of a jerk.

THE THANH HOA BRIDGE CONT'D

I give him a grin and waggle my thumb,
This one's a counter and I'm not so dumb.
Well I take on off at two hundred per,
I got two on the wings and a full loaded MER.
I struggle on up to ten thousand feet,
Send down the tanker or we'll never meet.

Well I take on my gas and head out on course,
I call for a steer until I am hoarse.
But Lion is down and Invert won't say,
And Brigham says I'm not going his way.

Well I'm off on my own and all for the best,
Those bastards don't know the East from the West.
Now I get over Thanh Hoa and I look for the bridge,
They said it was South but it's East of the ridge.
I roll in on my run, it looks easy as pie,
'Til the flak starts burstin' and coverin' the sky.

I coolly comput all the mils I will need
And calmly adjust both angle and speed.
I check my drift and with the bridge in my sight.
I mash on the button and pull off to the right,
Well I check back at six and I see this big bird,
He's a closing in fast and he's sure riding herd.
As he flashes by there's a Red Star on each side,
It must be a MIG and there's no place to hide.

I head for the deck with all that she's got,
When along comes this SAM...my God I've been shot!
While driftin' down in my chute all alone,
I'm finally convinced that I'm no "smokin' stone."
I'm wishin' I was back in Kansas right now
With a face full of horseshit, my hand on the plow
But that ain't so and I'm down in the drink
A day like today can sure make a man think!

Oh that Thanh Hoa Bridge
Oh that Thanh Hoa Bridge
They've flak and missiles, you're some sittin' duck
At downing good pilots they've had lots of luck.

SALLY IN THE ALLEY

Sally in the alley sifting cinders
Raised up her leg and farted like a man
The wind from her bloomers, broke fourteen windows
And the cheeks of her ass went:
BAM! BAM! BAM!

UP IN THAT VALLEY (Tune: Down in the Valley)

Up in that valley,
That valley so low
Where the SAM missiles flourish,
And the 85s glow.

The Thai Nguyen steel plant,
The Hanoi rail yard,
The bridges at Bac Giang
They've played their trump card.

The Iron Hands mill right,
And the strike pilots flail,
The MIGs try to bounce us,
But they always fail.

The MIG cap he hollers,
"There's bandits at twelve!"
"Launch!" screams the Weasel,
It's better in hell.

The flak is a-burstin'
Right next to my hide,
All I can hear is,
"You're lagging behind."

We're down on the bomb run
The target's in sight
"Sweet Jesus," I'm thinking
"I'd better break right."

We're breaking for Thud Ridge,
What a beautiful sight.
Oh shit, I just noticed
An overheat light.

My heart is a-pumping,
I know I'm not dead
Please, God, get this old Thud
Just out past the Red.

If I can get past
That muddy old slough,
The Sandys and Jollys
Will pull me on through.

I'm past ninety-seven,
And now I can boast
The rest I can finish
Out over the coast.

Where the tankers don't matter,
Although I must say,
I often have seen it,
Where they've saved the day.

Up in that valley
That valley of grief
I hope all your flights there
Will always be brief.

Good-bye to that valley,
So long to Takhli
Don't bust your ass, buddy,
I'm going home free.

ONE HUNDRED MISSIONS
(Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home)

One hundred missions we have flown, Aha, Aha
One hundred missions we have flown, Aha, Aha
One hundred missions we have flown,
One hundred bridges we have blown,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

From one to one hundred we did count, Aha, Aha
From one to one hundred we did count, Aha, Aha
From one to one hundred we did count,
But now one half or more don't count,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

They said they'd give us combat pay, Aha, Aha
They said they'd give us combat pay, Aha, Aha
They said they'd give us combat pay,
And then the bastards took it away,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

We're Iron Hands from old Takhli, Aha, Aha
We're Iron Hands from old Takhli, Aha, Aha
We're Iron Hands from old Takhli,
Our hearts beat fast, we think we'll pee,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

The Weasels fly around alone, Aha, Aha
The Weasels fly around alone, Aha, Aha,
The Weasels fly around alone,
With half a flight they head for home,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

The force rolls in amidst the flak, Aha, Aha
The force rolls in amidst the flak, Aha, Aha
The force rolls in amidst the flak,
One half or more won't make it back,
But you can't return till Lyndon gies the word.

Not many will return alive, Aha, Aha
Not many will return alive, Aha, Aha
Not many will return alive,
Who flew the bloody 105,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

POP GOES THE WEASEL

Around and around the SAM site
The missile chased the Weasel.
The Weasel got pissed, the SAM got zapped.
Pop goes the weasel
Willy Peter showed us where
To roll in to displease 'em
One more pass with HEI.
Pop goes the Weasel.

Lady fingers did their job,
Did more than just tease 'em.
The Russian Techs got all pissed off.
Pop goes the Weasel.

We look around for SAM sites.
We grab their balls and squeeze 'em.
They show their ass, we shoot it off.
Pop goes the Weasel.

DON'T SEND ME TO HANOI (Tune: Winchester Cathedral)

Don't send me to Hanoi,
Please, don't put my name down.
The shooting is bad there.
Don't send me downtown.

The bridges at Bac Giang,
More milling around.
Another Brown Anchor,
I think I'll leave town.

Don't send me to Yen Bay
I don't like that much flak.
It takes too much damn gas
To bring my ass back.

Don't send me to Dong Hoi,
I don't want to get none,
Those BUF support missions,
They make my ass numb.

Just send me on milk runs,
Where there are no big guns,
I just want to fly where
It's easy on my bear.

THE THUD DRIVERS THEME
(Tune: Whiffenpoof Song)

From a hootch in Southeast Asia,
To the place where aces dwell
To the strip club down at Zuke
We knew so well.

Sing the fighter jocks assembled
With their glasses raised on high,
Sing they poorly not too clearly,
Loud as well.

We will throw our glasses wildly,
And throw our bombs as well
And the finks at Two A.D. can go to hell.

We are poor fighter jocks who have lost our way
Help---Help---Help. We flew to the town
of Hanoi today, Help---Help---Help.
Steely eyed pilots up in the blue,
Lead got zapped by an SA-2,
Let's haul ass or they'll zapp us too,
A-----B-----now!!!

OH LITTLE TOWN OF HO-CHI-MIN

Oh little town of Ho-Chi-Min
How safe you think you lie
Beneath your ring of SA-2s
You think the "Fives" won't fly.
Yet through the cloud deck raineth
A deadly trail of bombs,
Too late for fear, the end is near.
How about that TBC???

WILL THE MIGS COME OUT TO PLAY
(Tune: My Indiana Home)

When the SAMs start rising from old Haiphong Harbor,
And the 85s start puffing at Kep Hay,
You will know your target's just around that mountain
And you wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, you reach your pull up point and start your pop up,
And the tracers seem to urge you on your way,
You see the bridge and as you start your roll in,
You wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, you've dropped your bombs and now you're off and running.
Jinking hard you're on your merry way,
And as you reach the jagged limestone ridges,
You wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, you've reached the coast and all the sea is friendly,
Your fuel is low, but not too low you say,
I can make it back to Korat nice and easy,
If only the MIGs don't come to play.

Oh, you start your climb and now you're resting easy,
A drink of water helps you on your way,
But a glint of light, a speck up high, and you know,
The MIGs have finally come out to play.

Oh, your burner's lit, you're diving down, you're running,
But his overtake is much too great today,
In your dinghy bobbing on the Gulf of Tonkin,
You wish the MIGs just hadn't come to play!

JUST A BOWL OF BUTTER BEANS

Thou are weak but he is strong
Jesus keep me from all wrong
Just a closer walk with thee
Let it be Dear Lord, Let it be

Bread and Gravy is all right
Turnip sandwich, a Delight
But my children all still scream
For another bowl of Butter Beans.

Just a bowl of Butter Beans
Pass the cornbread if you please
I don't want no collard greens
All I want is a bowl of butter beans.

When they lay my bones to rest
Place no rose on my chest
Plant no bloomin' evergreens
All I want is a bowl of Butter Beans

Just a piece of country ham
Pass the butter and the jam
Pass the biscuits if you please
And some more of those good old
Butter Beans.

Just a bowl of Butter Beans
Pass the cornbread if you please
I don't want no collard greens
All I want is a bowl of Butter Beans.

ON TOP OF OLD THUD RIDGE
(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of old Thud Ridge
All covered with flak
I lost my poor wingman
He'll never get back.

For flying's a pleasure
And dying a grief
And a quick triggered Commie
Is worse than a thief.

For a thief will just rob you
And take all you save
But a quick triggered Commie
Will send you to the grave.

The grave will decay you
And turn you to dust
Not a Commie in a thousand
Can a Thud driver trust.

Now when the bad weather
Keeps the ships down
All day we can hear this
Horrible sound:

"Attention all Pilots
Now listen to this
There'll be a short meeting
That you dare not miss."

They'll give us some lectures
Then give us some more
But we have all heard them
Twenty-five times or more.

Now listen you trainees
You can't fight the group
Whatever they tell you
Is superfluous poop.

Now the moral of this story
Is easy to see
Don't go to Haiphong
Or old Quang Khe

JINGLE BELLS

Flying thru the sky, in a Foxtrot one-o-five
Flying thru the flak, never looking back
Thru the hills we dodge, for SAMs are called away
Oh what fun it is to bomb and strafe the DRV today.

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way
Oh what fun it is to bomb the DRV each day.

CBUs, Mark 82s, 750s too,
Daddy Vulcan strikes again
Our Christmas gift to you.

LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

Oh little town of Ho Chi Men
How safe you think you lie
Beneath your ring of SA-2's
You think the Fives won't fly.
Yet thru the cloud deck raineth
A deadly trail of bombs
Too late for fear, the end is near
How about that One-O-Five.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE 85MM GUNNER
(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the force
And Uncle Ho has yelled and cussed and screamed till he is hoarse
"Go out and man your guns my boys, you have a job to do"
The Thuds are coming in.

CHORUS

Gory, gory what a helluva way to die
Gory, gory what a helluva way to die
Gory, gory what a helluva way to die
I don't want to fight no more.

Now as the Thuds are getting close, beside my gun I stand
We all should feel quite proud to stand in defense of this land
But getting my ass blown to bits is not what I call grand
The Thuds are coming in.

There's 750's all around, the sky is full of shit
And smoke and dust and arms and legs, don't like it one damn bit
If they miss me this last time I think that I shall quit
The Thuds are coming in.

We got hit and now are down below in Commie hell
Each day they scare us shitless in a way we know so well
Our Commie Satan he stands up, you hear that bastard yell
The Thuds are coming in.

I WANTED WINGS (THUD VERSION)

I've been alive
Twenty years, plus four or five,
And I've tried many a pursuit.
I went to pilot school,
Learned the ropes and learned the rules,
And got my wings and my blue suit.

And then I went to get upgraded
And like a fool I made it.
Then they made me number four,
And then they sent me off to war,
Buster
I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things,
Now I don't want them anymore.

I WANTED WINGS (Thud version)

I've been alive
Twenty years, plus four or five
And I've tried many a pursuit
I went to pilot school,
Learned the ropes and learned the rules
And got my wings and my blue suit.

And then I went to get upgraded
And like a fool I made it.
Then they made me number four,
And then they sent me off to war,
 Buster
I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things,
Now I don't want them anymore.

The Republic Thunderchief
Is just twenty tons of grief
The dirty sons-of-bitches
Filled it with three hundred switches
 Buster
I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things
Now I don't want them anymore.

To keep my body alive
They taught me how to survive
At a place nestled in the hills
They fed me porcupine,
And other goodies fine
Pemmican to cure all my ills

And in three weeks I had made it
They said I'd graduated
Well, buddy, If that's livin
Think that I'll just give in,
 Buster
I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things
Now I don't want them anymore.

You can have your he-man training
In the snow, and when it's raining
I'd rather be a weenie
With my tootie and martini
 Buster
I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things
Now I don't want them anymore.

I don't want to stay
But I cannot get away
In Hanoi they all love parades
Each day we take a walk
Through Hanoi's Central Park
Not dressed in style, I'm afraid

Oh, those little yellow mammas
Dressed us all in black pajamas,
Spectators, they just sit there,
Sometimes throw rocks, sometimes spit there
 Buster

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things
Now I don't want them anymore

You can have your 105
I' much rather stay alive
The lousy afterburner
Gets you north just that much sooner,
 Buster
I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things
Now I don't want them anymore.

These lines are just in jest
Thud drivers are best,
At flying 'n chasing women too
The goods they deliver
Are sure to make Ho shiver,
And wish to hell this was through
And for some it is all over
They lie down neathe the clover
For they did go down in flames,
But we will not forget their names,
 Buster
They wanted wings
And they've trulu got their wings,
And they will wear them evermore.

For there are no regulations
For those heaven-bound formations,
If they don't like it, well
They can split-S down Hell
 Buster
They wanted wings
And they've truly got their wings,
And they will wear them evermore.

THE WEASEL-BEARS' PICNIC

If you go up into the sky today
You will go alone
If you go into a dive today
No bear will screech or moan
For every bear that ever there was
Is on the ground for certain because
Today's the day the Weasel-Bears have their picnic
They'll all sit around the pool today
And steadily bitch and moan.

This lack of action in the skys
They barely can condone
Assistant fighter pilots are they,
They feel like a horse whose put to hay.
Today's the day the Weasel-Bears have their picnic.

Just put us back into the Thud they say
And our souls will be content
Just put us into the skys to play,
A night BUF will pay the rent.
Please leave us no more down on the ground
Cause in the pool we almost did drown,
Today's the day the Weasel-Bears have their picnic.

THE GRUNT SONG

Chorus: I said where in the hell do you all come from
There's something I'd like to know
They live around the base and they take up all the space
I'd like to tell them all just where to go

Well we came to old Korat in the year of 69
To stay and fight the war upon the front
They told us about the flak and sams and natives too
But forgot to warn us all about the grunt.

They beat you to the dining hall, they beat you to the bar,
You have to stand in line in the latrine
I don't know if they plan it all or leave it all to chance
But it makes the pilots think its mighty mean.

You see them at the swimming pool and at coffee all day long
And a lot of other things that I forgot
I think the devil hired 'em and sent 'em everyone
To really make it hell in old Korat.

They'll gamble you at poker or they'll gamble at dice
I tell you men I think its getting worse
I asked them for the change to a twenty dollar bill
And the bastard almost hit me with his purse.

I LOVE MY BEAR

I love my Bear, Yes I do, Yes I do
I love that asshole
I love the scope that he looks into
I love his blips, tiddely-ips, tiddely-ips
and his little black boxes
He'll fly until his ass is black and blue

BATTLE HYMN

We fly our F---ing Thuds at 10,000 F---ing feet
We fly our F---ing Thuds through the rain and snow and sleet
And though we think we're flying south
We're flying F---ing north
And we make our F---ing landfall on the firth of F---ing forth

Chorus: Glory, Glory Hallelujah
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, Glory, Glory, Hallelujah
(Repeat last line of each verse)

We fly those F---ing Thuds at f--k all 1,000 feet
We fly those F---ing Thuds through the trees and corn and wheat
And though we think we fly with skill
We fly with F---ing luck
But we don't give a F---ing damn or care a F---ing F--k.

Chorus

We fly those F---ing Thuds at 10,000 F---ing feet
We fly those F---ing Thuds through the rain and snow and sleet
And though we think we're flying up
We're flying f---ing down
And we bust or F---ing asses when we hit the F---ng ground.

MARY ANN BURNS

Mary Ann Burns is the queen of all the acrobats
She can do tricks that would give a man the shits
She can roll green peas off her fundamental orifice
Do a double flip and catch them on her tits
She's a great big son-of-a-bitch oh twice as big as me
Hairs 'round her ass like branches on a tree
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck, fly a plane, drive a truck,
Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me.

OUR ENGLISH HERITAGE

CALL OUT THE ARMY AND THE NAVY

Call out the Army and the Navy,
Call out the rank and file
Call out the Royal Territorials
They face danger with a smile,
Call out the boys of the old Bridge
That made old England free,
You can call out my brother,
My sister and my mother
But for God's sake don't call me
Gor' Blimey:

CHORUS

I don't want to join the Army
I don't want to go to war
I'd rather hang around
The Picadilly under ground
Living on the earnings of a high born lady,
Don't want a bullet up my ass hole
I don't want my ballocks shot away--
I'd rather be in England,
In bonny bonny England
And fornicate my fucking life away:
Gor' Blimey:

Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the Knee
Wednesday success, I lifted up her dress
Thursday her chemise, Gor' Blimey
Friday I put my hand upon it,
Saturday night she gave my balls a tweak--
And Sunday after supper,
I rammed the old boy up her
And now I'm paying seven and six a week'.
Gor' Blimey. (Back to Chorus)

LLOYD GEORGE

(Tune: Onward Christian Soldiers)

Lloyd George knows my Father
Father knows Lloyd George
Lloyd George knows my Father
Father knows Lloyd George;

AD INFINITUM

A BRITISH WORKMAN'S GRAVE

They're digging up father's grave
To build a sewah, a sewah,
They're digging it up regardless of expense
They're digging up his remains
To put in six inch drains,
To sanitize some rich man's residence,
Gor' Blimey

Now what's the use of having a religion, religion
If when you die your troubles never cease,
Some some high society t'wit
Can have a pipe line for his shit,
And never let a booger rest in peace
Gor' Blimey

Now during his life my father
Was never a quitah, a quitah,
I don't suppose he'll be a quitah now
He'll dress up in a sheet
And haunt that shit house seat,
And only let them crap when he allows,
Gor' Blimey
Now won't there be some bloody constipation, pation
But it only what they deserve,
For having the frapping nerve,
To bugger up a British Workman's grave!

BLOODY GREAT WHEEL

A pilot told me, before he died
And I don't think that the bastard lied.
He had a wife with a cunt so wide
That she could never be satisfied.
So he fashioned a prick of shining steel
Driven by a rachet and a bloody great wheel
Two brass balls all filled with cream
And the whole issue was driven by steam.
Round and round went the bloody great wheel
In and out went the prick-of steel.
Till at last this maiden cried,
"Enough, Enough, I'm satisfied."
Here's where the story bogs down a bit--
There was no way of stopping it.
She was torn from ass to tit,
And the whole fucking issue was covered with shit,

She lost her ass.

FRIGGING IN THE RIGGING

T'was on the good ship Venus, my God you should have seen us,
The figurehead was a whore in bed, and the mast a rampant penis.

Chorus:

Frigging in the rigging, frigging in the rigging
Frigging in the rigging, there's F-- all else to do.

The captain of this lugger, he was a dirty bugger
He wasn't fit to shovel shit, from one place to another.

The first mate's name was Morgan, my God was he a gorgon
Ten times a day he used to play, upon his sexual organ.

The second mate's name was Andy, he was so young and randy
They boiled his bun in steaming rum, for coming in the brandy.

The midshipman's name was Nipper, he was a dirty ripper
He filled his ass with broken glass, and circumsized the skipper.

The Captain's wife was Mable, whenever she was able
She'd fornicate with the second mate, upon the galley table.

The Captain had a daughter, who fell into the water
Delighted squeals revealed the eels, had found her sexual quarter.

The crew they were hard cases, you could see it in their faces
They took to frigging in the rigging, for want of better places.

So drunk with exultation, we reached our China station
And sunk a junk in a sea of spunk, caused by mutual masterbation.

LILLY FROM PICCADILLY

Oh, I took a trip to London to look around the town
When I got to Piccadilly, the sun was going down,
I've never seen such darkness, the night was black as pitch
When suddenly, in front of me, I thought I saw a witch.

Chorus:

Oh, it was Lilly, from Piccadilly,
You know the one I mean, the one I mean
I'll spend each payday, that's my hey day
With Lilly, my blackout queen.

Oh, I couldn't see her figure, I couldn't see her face
But if I ever meet her, I'll know her anyplace
I couldn't tell if she were blonde or a dark brunette
But gosh o gee, did she give me, a thrill I won't forget.

LILLY FROM PICCADILLY CONT'D

She said to me, Oh yankee boy, are you lonesome, are you blue
Just step around the corner, I'll show you what I'll do
We went up some dark alley, I said, I love you kid,
She said, Okay, but first you pay, so I gave her twenty quid.

She leaned her back against the wall, I took her in my arms
She gave to me her very all, and all her buxom charms
I lost my head, I lost my heart, I ever lost my hat,
It was a shame, she should have been, a circus acrobat.

We went to her apartment, and when we were in bed,
She was so very pleasant, I said some day we'd wed,
She even gave me breakfast, she was so very nice
What she did for twenty quid, was cheaper at half the price.

TURA LYURA LYANY

CHORUS

Sing Tura Lyura Lyany
Sing Tura Lyura Ly ai
Sing Tura Lyura Lyany Lyany
Sing Tura Lyara Ly ai

The sexual life of the camel
Is stranger than anyone thinks
He spends his amorous moments
attempting to bugger the Sphinx
(Chorus)

Now the Sphinx's posterier office
Is closed by the sands of the nile
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.
(Chorus)

Extensive experimentation
By Addison, Huxley and Hall
Conclusively proved that the hedgehog
Could never be buggered at all
(Chorus)

But here's to the lads down at Harvard
And her's to the queers down at Yale
Who effectively buggered the hedgehog
By removing the spines from his tail.
(Chorus)

THE BALL AT KARRIE MAIR

There was a ball, bloody great ball
The ball at Karrie Mair,
Four and twenty whores, came down from Avie More

CHORUS

Singing hie di ye last night
Hie di ye no
The man that had ye last night, Canner hie ye no

Oh the bride was in the bedroom explaining to the groom
The vagina not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb.

Oh the parson's wife she was there, seated down in front
A wreath of roses round her neck, a carrot in her cunt.

Oh the village parson he was there, and very surprised to see
Four and twenty maidenheads hanging from a tree.

Oh the parson's daughter she was there, she had them all in fits
Diving off the mantle piece, and landing on her tits.

They were fucking in the haylofts, fucking in the oats,
Some were fucking sheep and some were fucking goats.

They were fucking in the barley, fucking in the ricks
You could na hear the music for the slushing of the pricks.

Oh the village blacksmith he was there, his hammer and his awls
Talking to the queen and showing off his balls.

They were fucking in the parlors, fucking on the stairs
You could na see the carpets for the come and curly hairs.

The village idiot he was there, the bugger would na dance
Sitting with a hard on, and waiting for his chance.

The burly Colonel he was there, he'd fit amongst the Boers
He jumped upon the table and shouted for the whores.

The village cripple he was there, he couldn't do very much
So he laid them on the carpet and fucked them with his crutch.

The chimneysweep he was there, we had to put him out
For every time he farted, he filled the room with soot.

The village postman he was there, he had a dose of pox
He couldn't fuck his lassie so he fucked the letter box.

And when the ball was over, and the folks went home to rest
They said they enjoyed the music, but the fucking was the best.

LYDIA PINKHAM

CHORUS

Oh, we sing, we sing, we sing, of Lydia Pinkham, Pinkham, Pinkham
And her love for the human race
A wonderful compound, a dollar a bottle
And every label hears her face.

Now Mrs. Murphy, had husband trouble
She did not like to fiddle-de-dee
But after taking a bottle of compound
They had to tie her to a tree.

Now Mrs. Murphy had baby trouble
She could not have a baby dear
But she took a bottle of compound
Now she has them twice a year.

Now Mrs. Murphy had titty trouble
To feed her baby she knew not how
But after taking a bottle of compound
They had to milk her like a cow.

Now Mrs. Murphy had kidney trouble
In the morning she could not pee
But after taking a bottle of compound
They had to pipe her out to sea.

IT'S THE POOR WHAT GET THE BLAME

Life presents a doleful picture,
All is silent as the tomb,
Father has a painful stricture,
Mother has a fallen womb.

CHORUS

Hits the rich what gets the blessings's
Hits the poor what gets the blame
Hits the same the world over
Ain't it all a fucking shame.

She was poor but she was honest,
Victim of a rich man's whim.
When she met that Christian gentleman,
And she had a child by him.....Chorus

Now he sits in the House of Parliament,
Making laws for all mankind,
While she walks the streets of London,
Selling chunks of her behind.....Chorus

In a rose embowered cottage,
There was born a child of sin,
The little bastard had no pappy
So she gently did him in.....Chorus

THE DUCHESS

Oh, the duchess, she was dressing
Dressing for the ball
When out the window
She did spy him
Pissing on the wall.

CHORUS

With his little white kidney wiper
And balls the size of these
And half a yard of foreskin
Hanging down below his knees
Oh, hanging down
Oh, handing down
With a half a yard of foreskin
Hanging down below his knees.

So, she sent him a letter
And in it she did say
I'd rather be fucked by you
Than my husband any day.

So, he mounted on his charger
And through the streets he did ride
With his balls slung o'er his shoulder
And his cock lashed to his side.

Oh, he rode into the courtyard
He rode into the hall
"My God", cried the butler
"He's come to fuck us all"

Oh, he fucked the cook in the kitchen
He fucked the maid in the hall
But when he fucked the butler
'Twas the dirtiest fuck of all

Then he mounted on his charger
And rode into the streets
With little drops of semen
Pitter-pattering at his feet.

Oh, they say he's gone to Hades
They say he's down in hell
They say he fucks the devil
And I know he fucks him well.

CATS ON THE ROOFTOPS

Cats on the rooftops, Cats on the tiles,
Cats with the syphilis, cats with the piles,
Cats with their ass holes wreathed in rosy smiles
As they revel in the joys of copulation.

Oh, the hippopotamus so it seems
Seldom ever has wet dreams
But when he does, he comes in streams,
As he revels in joys of copulation.

The donkey is a funny bloke
He seldom ever takes a poke
But when he does he lets it soak
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

If you wake up in the morning with a belly full of joy
Your wife has the monthly and your daughter's looking coy
Then you jam it up the ass of your eldest boy
And he revels in the joys of copulation.

But if you wake up in the morning with a hard cock stand,
And you've got that funny feeling in your seminary gland,
Then by Jesus Christ, you use your hand,
As you revel in the joys of masturbation.

O'REILLY'S DAUGHTER

As I was sitting in O'Reilly's bar
Listening to the tales of blood and slaughter,
Came a thought into my mind--
Why not shag O'Reilly's daughter?

CHORUS

Fiddley-I Eeee, Fiddley-I-Oh,
Fiddley-I-Eeee, for the one-ball Reilly;
Rig Jig jig, Balls and all
Rub a dub dub shag all!

I grabbed that she-bitch by the ass,
Then I threw my left leg over,
Shagged and shagged and shagged some more,
Shagged until the fun was over.....(Chorus)

There came a knock upon the door;
Who should it be but her God damn father?
Two horse pistols in his hand,
Looking for the guy that shagged his daughter...(Chorus)

I grabbed that bastard by the balls,
Shoved his head in a pail of water,
Shoved those pistols up his ass,
A damn sight further than I shagged his daughter..(Chorus)

As I go walking down the street,
People shout from every corner,
"There goes-- the son of a bitch,
The guy that shagged O'Reilly's daughter!.....(Chorus)

EARLY ABORT
(Tune: McNamara's Band)

Oh, my name is Colonel _____, I'm the leader of the group,
Just step into my briefing room; I'll give you all the poop.
I'll tell you where the Luftwaffe is and how to dodge the flak.
I'll be the last one to take off, the first one to get back.

CHORUS

Early abort, avoid the rush;
Early abort, now don't delay.

Now we'll all line up and take off and set our course at 10:00
And when we reach the channel we will all turn back again.
We'll call the tower and get a steer; we don't know where we've been.
Drop your tanks and canopies, peel off and belly in.

(Chorus)

Oh, we fly those red-tailed Jugs at a hundred bloody feet.
We can fly them in the rain and fog and in the bloody sleet.
We think we're flying bloody south, instead we're Bloody north,
And we make our bloody land fall at the firth of Bloody Forth.

(Chorus)

Oh, we fly those red-tailed Jugs at a hundred bloody feet.
We fly them in the rain and fog and in the bloody sleet.
And when we're flying bloody high, we're flying bloody low,
And we hit the marker beacon such an awful bloody blow.

CHORUS:

Early abort, avoid the rush.
Early abort, now don't delay.
Oh, my name is Colonel _____,
I'm the leader of the group with all the poop!

AFTER THE MISSION'S OVER
(Tune: After the Party's Over)

After the mission's over
After we all get back
We get interrogated
Where did you see the flak?
How were the Jerry fighters?
What time was tally ho?
Have you any bitches?
If not you may go.
We like the P-47
We think they handle swell
We like to fly formation
We're all as nuts as Hell

We like the fighter peel-off
It will kill us all some day.
Land in 15 seconds
Or the Colonel will have to say
(any name, you straggled all day
_____ used poor technique
_____ you had your head up
We'll have a short critique
You missed the land fall-in
_____, you will report
Why, with only one wing off
You had to abort.

EARLY ABORT
(Tune: MacNamara's Band)

Oh, my name is Colonel _____, I'm the leader of the group
Just step into my briefing room, I'll give you all the poop
I'll tell you where the Commie is, and where the flak is black
I'll be the last one off the -eck, I'll be the first one back.

CHORUS

Early abort, avoid the rush, early abort, avoid the rush
Early abort, avoid the rush
Oh, my name's Colonel _____, I'm the leader of the group.

My name is Major _____, and I lead old liberty
And if I go on rail cuts, my boys will follow me
But if you say Pyong-yang, I'll tell you what I'll do
Get into your plane and go ahead, and I'll wait here for you.

I'm sure you've hear of nightmares, and the things they do
But if you'll come down to the line, you'll see they're far from true
The pilots htey are ready, but let the skipper shout
And all those bastards yell at once, "My mags they won't check-out"

And then I'm sure you know of the leaders in the wing
Any night in the O Club you can hear how well they sing
With words they fight a hell of a war, they say they wanna go too
But just you give them half a chance, and her's what they will do.

Oh, I fly the old Invader, and Douglas says it's great
But when it comes to fighting MIGs, those bastards just don't rate
I was born to be a fighter, to grapple in the blue
But when it comes to fighting MIGs I'll tell you what I'll do.

Now we'll all line up and take off, and set our course at ten
And when we reach the no return, we'll all turn back again
We'll call the tower and get a steer, we don't know where we've been
Drop your tanks and canopies, peel off and belly in.

Oh, we fly those bloody Sabre at a hundred bloody feet
We dan fly them in the rain and fog, and in the bloody sleet
We think we're flying bloody south, instead we're bloody north
And we make our bloody landfall at the First of bloody forth.

Oh we fly those bloody Sabres at a hundred bloody feet
We can fly them in the rain and fog, and in the bloody sleet
And when we're flying bloody high, we're flying bloody low
And we hit the marker beacon such an awful bloody blow.

Now when this war is over and we're back in the USA
We'll fly the planes in all war games, and do what the Generals say
But if we have another war and they give us the '86
To hell with all the Generals staff, we won't get in that fix.

SO LONG - IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU

I've sung this song, and I'll sing it again
Of the things that I've done and the places I've been.
Of some of the things that have bothered my mind
And a lot of good Wingmen that I've left behind.

CHORUS

Singing so long, It's been good to know you
So long, It's been good to know you, so long it's been good to know you
It's been a long time since I've been home
So I've Gotta be drifting along.

This story begins when we gathered to brief
We listened to the words of our red headed chief.
He said, "listen men and I'll tell you the tricks
About what is the way with the F-86.....Chorus

We turned on the runway and started to roll
I gave her the throttle and poured on the coal,
The JATO was heavy, my God it was thick
So I went on the gauges and yanked on the stick.....Chorus ..

We flew up to Sunan and dodged all the flak
I called to my leader, "Oh please take me back",
I'm tired of flying these big iron birds.
But instead of turning, he muttered these words.....Chorus

We then went to Sukchon and glide-bombed the rails
We broke to the right with flak on our tails,
We rendezvoused high with the MIG's in the sun
And I thought to myself we should give 'er the gun.....Chorus

Then we circled to join up it was a great race
The MIG's would soon come up and give us a chase,
Number four man's five hundreds were still tightly hung
If we didn't leave soon we would surely be done.....Chorus

I called my leader, "I'm low on fuel,
If you turn around quick I can get back to Seoul".
Just then he shouted "There's MIGs on the lead
So we'll break to the left and get up some speed.".....Chorus

Well I broke to the left and felt a great jar
A whistling golf ball had cut my main spar,
My canopy jammed and my engine flamed out
And over the RT I started to shout.....Chorus

BUDDIES SO LONG, IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU
SO LONG, IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU
SO LONG, IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU, BUT IT'S NOT MUCH THAT I CAN SAY
FOR IT LOOKS LIKE I'VE AUGERED TODAY.

ON TOP OF OLD PYONGYANG
(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of old Pyongyang, all covered with flak
I lost my poor wingman, he'll never come back
For flying is pleasure, and dying is grief
And a quick triggered Commie, is worse than a thief.

For a thief will just rob you, and take all you save
But a quick triggered Commie, will send you to the grave
And the grave will destroy you, and turn you to dust
Not one MIG in a thousand a Sabre Jet can trust.

Now when the bad weather, keeps the ships down
All day we can hear, this horrible sound
They'll have a short meeting, that you dare not miss
But we have all heard them, twenty-five times or more
Now listen you trainees, you can't fight the group
Whatever they tell you, is superfluous poop.

ON TOP OF OLD FUJI

On top of old Fuji, all covered with snow
I lost my jet pilot, from flying too low
He put on an air show, he did it for me
On top of Mt Fuji, he clobbered a tree
With throttle wide open, he made his last pass
At altitude zero, he busted his ass.

MIG-15 (Tune: I T'ought I Saw A Pussycat)

I t'ought I saw a MIG-15, a tweeping up on me
I did, I did, I saw him, as big as he could be
I am that great big MIG-15, Ivan is my name
And if I catch that 84, I'll shoot him down in flame.

TAEGU GIRLS

We are from Taegu, Taegu are we
We don't believe in virginity - Oh horse--shit!
We don't use candles we use broom handles
We are the Taegu girls.

And every night at twelve on the clock
We watch the white man piss on the ROK
We like the way he handles his cock
We are the Taegu girls.

And every year at our annual dance
We go around without any pants
We like to give those pilots a chance
We are the Taegu girls.

TO THE REGULARS (Tune: Mr and Mrs Mississippi)

I won't forget Kore
I can't forget Kunsan
For Syngman Rhee and Joe Stalin
Have made me feel at home.
I flew across the bombline
And got a hole or two
But all I got was a crock of shit
From you, and you, and you.

CHORUS

Oh I was called to risk my ass
And save the UN too
But all I got was a crock of shit
From you, and you, and you.

The AA was terrific
The small arms were intense
While flyboys bombed the front lines
The division did the rest.
While the regulars held their desk jobs
The reserves were called in mass
For the UN knew the air reserve
Was the one to save their ass.

I love you dear old USA
With all my aching heart
If I hadn't joined the damn reserves
We'd never had to part

AIR FORCE!!

Now gather round closely,
I'll sing this refrain
'Bout life in Morocco here
At Sidi Slimane;
There's not enough women
To grace this bare land
But there's plenty of flea bites,
Of dung heaps and sand.

The haze in the daytime
will wither your soul,
And through the long evenings
You will shiver with cold,
It's so dirty and sticky
With the heat and the smell,
You'll think you've been buried
And you've gone straight to hell.

AIR FORCE!! CONT'D

Each pilot then swears that
He's been wrongly assigned,
And the Air Force commander
Has gone out of his mind,
While he sits there a-sweating
Wondering why he is here
The salt from his tear drops
Makes his whiskey taste queer.

And the boys you will notice
Who take it so hard
Are the recalled reservists
And the Air National Guard;
But with all of their whining,
There's one thing that's clear,
Sure, It's rough in Morocco,
But it's death in Korea.

THE RESERVIST'S LAMENT
(Tune: Cigarettes, Whiskey, Wild Women)

I was a civilian and flew on week ends,
VFR flying and boozin with friends
But I am a retread and older I grow
Now I fly a Super Hog, it's old and its slow

We strafed and we bomed and we shot air to air
Then off to Europe, we're fucked up for air
We came to Etain to fly with this Group
My hair's turning gray and my wings have a droop

I flew my first mission and it was a snap
Just follow the leader don't look at your map,
But now I've got eighty and lead a sad flight
Go out on armed recce and can't sleep at night

Went up to Mig Alley, S-2 said no sweat
If I had not looked round, I'd be up there yet
Six Migs jumped our ass and the Leader yelled Break!
Full bore and straight down, how my knees did shake

If I live thru a hundred and they ask for more
I'll tell them to shove it, my ass is too sore
They can ram it and jam it for all that I care
Just give me a Wing job, a desk and a chair

KUNI-RI AND ANTUNG

(Tune: Cigarettes, Whiskey and Wild, Wild Women)

Once I was happy and had a good deal
Flew Fox-eighty-sixes at old Victorville
They asked for a volunteer, said, "I'll take you"
The next thing I knew, I was stuck in Taegu.

CHORUS

Kuni-ri and Antung and wild wild pyong-yang,
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane
Quad fifties and forites and one hundred sorties
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.

We go to the briefing while it is still night
We lift off the runway before it is light
We form in the gloom and we're off on our way
We're over the target before it is day.

We're up to the Yalu, the sun's overhead
We think of the wheels who are snug in their beds,
We drop our big tips and we break to the right
Bingo we cry with all of our might.

Oh the MIG is a blot on the whole human race,
A man is a monkey to give it a chase,
Here's my description take warning dear brother,
There's fire on one end, but cannons on t'other.

Went up to MIG alley, S-2 said "no sweat"
If I hadn't looked 'round, I'd be up there yet
Six MIGs jumped our ass, and the leader yelled "break"
Got back to K-10, how my knees they did shake.

I went on my mission to cut a rail track
They said, "There's no sweat 'cause there ain't any flak
But the guns from that place would make day out of night
Oh God how I wish all I did was dog fight.

Oh it's up to the Yalu in my flying machine
The Sui-ho reservoir is plainly seen
But MIGs out of Antung send sweat down my back
So I head for Kanggye and get shot down by flak.

I grabbed those two handles and squeezed - what a sound
A kick in the ass, soon I'm floating towards ground,
I showed them my blood chit, they said "No sweat Mac"
They hand me an A frame, now I'm walking back.

"LET'S HAVE A PARTY" -

Parties make the world go round
Parties make the world go round
Parties make the world go round
So let's have a party

We're gonna tear down the bar in our town.
And then build a new bar
Its only gonna be one foot wide
But it'll be a MILE long.
There'll be no bartenders in our bar
We're gonna have BARMMAIDS
Our barmaids will wear long skirts
And no BLOUSES
You can't take our barmaids home
They'll take YOU home.
You can't sleep with our Barmaids
They WON'T LET you sleep.
Beer's gonna be 50¢ a glass
WHISKEY free
Only one to a customer
Served in BUCKETS
We're gonna throw all the beer in the river
Then we'll all go SWIMMING
No girls allowed above the first floor
With their clothes on
There'll be no loving on the dance floor
And there'll be no DANCING ON THE LOVING FLOOR.

Parties make the world go round
Parties make the world go round
Parties make the world go round
SO LET'S HAVE A PARTY!!!!

"COURAGE"

Some liquor was spilled on the barroom floor
The joint was closed for the night
When out of the corner crept a little gray mouse
And sat in the pale moonlight.

He lapped up the liquor from the barroom floor
And on his haunches he sat
And all night long you could hear him ROAR
BRING ON YOUR GOD DAM CAT!

BRING THAT BASE LEG IN

Flying' round the pattern
And was I having fun
Until one day I undershot
And now my flying's done

Oh, the pieces flew and the pieces fell
As I slid onto the ground,
And all the while the tower yelled,
"Pull up and go around."

CHORUS

Bring that base-leg in, boys
Bring that base-leg in,
Space yourself on the forty-five
And bring that base-leg in.

CIGARETTES AND WHISKEY

We fly the Sabre with Fourth Fighter Group
Ask any Lt., he'll give you the poop.
We sit in the cockpit and push on a rudder
We help one anudder.

The MIG is a blight on the whole human race
When you're north of Chinapo, they're found every place
They've got apes for pilots and they're hard to tame
If you're not a hot rock, they'll shoot you down in flames.

THE RIVER RAN RED (Tune: The Good Ship Titanic)

Number one was having fun, Number two got quite a few
Number four got some more as he said
Oh, the river ran red with the blood of the dead
As we came around and tried to get some more.

The road was full of ruts, and the ruts were full of guts
Little children sucking tits and them shot tight from their mitts
As we came around and tried to get some more.

There were women in hte crowd, little children cried aloud
But they all carried guns for the foe.
Athere were some who turned around, when they heard that awful sound
As we came around and tried to get some more.

Oh, it seemed an awful crome, as we shot them in their prime
But they got number three, don't you see
Yes, they shot him down with flak, and they broke his bloody back
As we came around and tried to get some more.
(Repeat First Verse)

HUTCH'S BALLAD
(Tune: Sure a Little Bit of Heaven)

Sure, our target it was bunkers
Way out in the hills so grand,
Located in Korea, right next to no-mans land
Our fans now they were G.I.'s
And they thought our Mustang's grand
As we circled o'er the target
Watching "willie peter" land

But our controller was neurotic
Near the ground he wouldn't go,
We toggled off our babies and
We watched them hit below
He had placed his rockets wildly
And he'd fouled the whole damn show,
But when we got the grading
Sure it was Zero! Zero!

Sure a little bit of airplane fell
From out the sky one day,
It landed west of Pyongyang
Not very far away
Comet Red won't be coming back
It made us very blue
But we went on to our target
And we dropped our babies true

So we sprinkled it with fifties
Just to keep their heads down low,
Then we hurried back to S-2
To lie about our show.
When you read it in the papers
All about the 18th's capers,
For old Benny, Bless his soul!

STRAFING IN A MOUNTAIN PASS

Strafing in a mountain pass
Couldn't make the turn
Twelve tons of thunderjet
Watch that Bastard Burn

We've fought the MIG's at Kunure, We fought at Sinafee
They nailed us down at Kyomipo, and we lost quite a few.

We flew these birds from old K-2, six thouaand feet they said
Don't ask a 49'er boys, the Bastards are all dead.

WHY DID I JOIN THE AIR FORCE

Oh, the T-Jet's a very fine aircraft
Constructed of rivets and tin.
It cruises well over one-fifty
The ship with the headwind built in.

CHORUS:

Oh, why did I join the Air Force?
Mother, dear mother knew best
Here I lie "neath the wreckage
A T-Jet all over my chest.

Now when you are out on a mission
You will be happy to learn,
The crew chief is betting good money
Ten to one you will never return.

CHORUS

Now when you are out on a mission,
A Messerschmidt makes a fine pass;
Reach up, grab hold of the rip chord
To Hell with the ship, save your ass!

CHORUS

MOONSHINE

(Tune: You Are My Sunshine)

You are my moonshine, my only moonshine
You guide my fighters
When skies are grey
I chase your bogies from here to Moji
Just to find they have gone the other way.
The other day boys, as I was flying,

I heard Moonshine Controller say:
"I've got a bogie down by Kurume,
Won't you head your jet that-a-way?"

He said he had me in radar contact
And I believed him like a dope,
I flew to Moji-and still no bogie
He had chased a fly across the scope!

You were my moonshine, my only moonshine
How could you let me down this way?
My chute was swingin' they heard me singin'
Won't you take that Moonshine away?

IT WAS SAD, OH IT WAS SAD
(Tune: Titantic)

It was up by Kunure, where I won my DFC
While out on armed recce, to see what I could see
When I spied a church below,
And I let my rockets go,
It was sad when those rockets went down

It was sad, It was sad,
It was sad when those rockets went down---
Hit the steeple
There were husbands and wives
Itty bitty children lost their lives!
It was sad when those rockets went down

It was up by Sib yon Nee, 30 miles from the Yellow Sea
While out on armed recce, to see what I could see
When I spied a farmer man,
With his penis in his hand
It was sad when that napalm went down

It was sad, Oh it was sad,
It was sad when that napalm went down---
Hit the farmer
There were husbands and wives
Itty bitty children lost their lives!
It was sad when that napalm went down

It was up by Sinanju, when I thought that I was through
Quad 50's and 40's had shot my coolant through
It was then I hit the silk
Oh my God I strained my milk
It was sad when that pilot went down

It was sad, Oh it was sad,
It was sad when that pilot went down
To the people
There were husbands and wives
Itty bitty children pulled their knives!
It was sad when that pilot went down

RED NOSE MIGS (Tune: Shrimp Boats)

Oh, the red nose MIG's are coming
Not a Sabre in sight
Oh, the red nose MIG's are coming
And they want to fight
Let's hurry, hurry, hurry home
Oh, a Sabre in sight